Mecklenburg Jeffersonian.

JOSEPH W. HAMPTON,———"The powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the People of the United States, may be resumed by them, whenever perverted to their injury or oppression."—*Madison.*———Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME 2, } CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1842. { NUMBER 74.

TERMS:

The "*Mecklenburg Jeffersonian*" is published weekly, at *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if paid in advance; or *Three Dollars*, if not paid before the expiration of THREE MONTHS from the time of subscribing. Any person who will procure *six* subscribers and become responsible for their subscriptions, shall have a copy of the paper gratis;—or, a club of *ten* subscribers may have the paper one year for *Twenty Dollars* in advance.

No paper will be discontinued while the subscriber owes any thing, if he is able to pay;—and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue at least ONE MONTH before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered a new engagement.

Original Subscribers will not be allowed to discontinue the paper before the expiration of the first year without paying for a full year's subscription.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at *One Dollar* per square for the first insertion, and *Twenty-five Cents* for each continuance—except Court and other judicial advertisements, which will be charged *twenty-five per cent.* higher than the above rates, (owing to the delay, generally, attendant upon collections). A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Letters to the Editor, unless containing money in sums of *Five Dollars*, or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here will be charged to the writer, in every instance, and collected as other accounts.

Alexander Bethune,

TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of Charlotte and the public in general, for the liberal patronage he has received; and hopes by strict attention to business to continue to merit a liberal share of public patronage. He has now several first rate workmen employed and has just received his Spring and Summer Fashions. He will warrant *good fits* on all occasions.

Orders from a distance will meet with prompt attention. His shop will be found in the North-East wing of Mr. Leroy Springs' brick building.

☞ *A liberal discount made to cash customers.*

Charlotte, April 12, 1842. 57...f

TRAVELLERS,

TAKE NOTICE.

TIMOTHY R. HUGHES

HAVING obtained the MANSION HOUSE for public accommodation, informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to receive and entertain all who may favor him with their patronage.

His TABLE shall always be well and plentifully supplied with every thing the country affords, to please and satisfy the palate even of an epicure.

His BAR will be found furnished with a choice selection of Liquors, Wines and Cordials, both foreign and domestic.

His STABLES shall be constantly attended by faithful and attentive hostlers and supplied with abundant provender.

N. B. The Stage Office is kept at the Mansion House.

Charlotte, N. C., May 23, 1842. 64....6m

ALABAMA

Land for Sale.

THE undersigned wishes to dispose of a TRACT OF LAND in Pickens County, Alabama. The tract is an even section, being a mile square, and containing

640 *ACRES:*

It is all up-land, lies level, and produces excellent corn and cotton: there is cleared on the tract about thirty acres, all fresh, and well fenced; a good double log-cabin, a well, and spring.

Mr. John Linebarger, recently of Lincoln County, N. C., lives near the place, and also Mr. Rossell, from the same County, I believe, who if applied to can give a satisfactory account of the premises. It is in a good neighborhood, and beyond example healthy.

There is also upon the place a stock of Cattle of about sixteen head, thirty or forty Sheep, and a stock of Hogs. I offer the whole for two thousand Dollars, (good money) one half cash, and the balance in twelve months.

Here is an opportunity for one who wishes to emigrate, to procure land already open and stocked, whereby he will not be subject to delays and drawbacks as those are who have to start on a place unimproved.

Should this meet the eye of any one who wishes to remove to Alabama, I am sure he would do well to make enquiry of

LINCOLN CLARK.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., June 30, 1842. 72...4w

☞ REMOVAL. ☜

Dr. J. M. Happoldt

HAS removed to the Office directly opposite Maj. Joseph Smith's Hotel, where he may be found by his friends and the public, and consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.

☞ A report has been industriously circulated for *effect*, relative to his charges. They have been pronounced extravagant. He takes this opportunity to state to the public, that he holds himself ready at any time to compare charges, and weigh his service with any of the Faculty. He wishes it to be distinctly understood, that his CHARGES *shall in all cases be* REASONABLE.

Jan. 4, 1842. 43...tf

Negroes Wanted.

A Few likely NEGROES, from 12 to 25 years old, for which cash will be paid. Enquire of the Editor of the Jeffersonian.

July 12, 1842. 70...3t.

Carolina Inn,

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA.

THE above Establishment, situated on main-street, north of the Court House, in the Town of Charlotte, N. C., is still kept open by the undersigned for the accommodation of the public. The proprietor feels confident of his ability to give entire satisfaction to all who may patronise his House. The travelling public will find at the Carolina Inn every comfort, convenience and attention necessary to refresh and reinvigorate both man and horse. Particular pains will be bestowed on the Table, Bar, and Beds—that every thing shall be in the most sumptuous and neat order;—and the Stables will always be supplied with abundance and attended by faithful, experienced Hostlers. In short, the subscriber is determined to keep up the accommodations at his House in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the interior country. All he asks from the public is, to give him a call.

Drovers can at all times be supplied with convenient and well enclosed LOTS, on moderate terms, and furnished with grain at a low price.

JENNINGS B. KERR.

Charlotte, June 2, 1842. 65...f

VALUABLE LAND

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE Subscriber wishing to sell a part of his lands, now offers for sale a valuable Tract of Land, with good improvements,

CONTAINING 425 *ACRES,*

of which there is 150 acres in cultivation, of which there is 50 acres in Cotton, and the balance timbered land. Also, is on the lands a new GRIST MILL and COTTON-GIN propelled by water power. The above land is situated in Mecklenburg County, on Mallard Creek 7 miles Northeast of Charlotte, and inferior to none in this section of the country, for the production of Cotton, grain, &c. As to the location of the above described lands, as respects the abundance of good water, health, and fertility of soil combined, it cannot be exceeded in the country. As I am determined to sell, I would respectfully invite those who wish to make a purchase of such as is above described, to call and view the land and judge for themselves. Terms of payment made easy. M. S. ALEXANDER.

64....tf

LAST CALL—*No Mistake!*

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Norment and Sandry, and also to Wm. Sandry, either by note or book account contracted previous to the commencement of 1842, are *again* informed that payment is earnestly demanded. Those who do not pay up their notes and accounts with the cash before or during the ensuing July Court, may certainly count on paying cost.

WILLIAM SANDRY.

Charlotte, June 14, 1842. 66...tc

Caution!

THE public are cautioned against trading for two notes of hand given by the subscriber to Thomas McGee, of Lincoln county. One is for two hundred dollars, due the 25th of December next, and dated the 7th of February, 1842; the other is for seventy-five, dollars, due in June, 1843, dated as the first. As the property for which said notes were given has proved unsound, I do not intend to pay them, unless forced to do so by law.

RICHARD RANKIN.

Lincoln county, July 26, 1842. 73...5w

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscriber is now ready to commence the above business, and will continue it till the 15th of Oct. Any person wishing to have Carding done, would do well to bring it in immediately, as warm-weather is much the best for carding. Due attention will be given. W. H. NEEL.

July 19th, 1842. 71...3w.

FRESH ARRIVAL.

JUST RECEIVED, and now opening, at the Charlotte DRUG STORE, a large stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

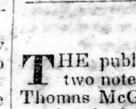
Comprising Calomel, Castor-Oil, Rheubarb, Composition, Opium, Sweet-Oil, and every other article usually kept in such establishments. The stock is entirely fresh, was selected with care, on cheap terms, and will be sold very low for *cash*.

BRALEY OATES.

Charlotte, 7th June, 1842. 65...f

WATCH REPAIRING.

CASH SYSTEM.



THE subscriber would inform the public that he will work for the following prices, and no mistake.

For cleaning lever watches, $1,00
For do. plain do. 50

other work done lower than usual.

THOMAS TROTTER.

July 12th, 1842. 70...4t

Taken Up,

AND committed to the Jail of this county, on the 27th of September last, a Negro man, about 20 years of age, round full face, smooth forehead, thick lips, and flat nose, five feet 7 or 8 inches high, with a scar on the fore finger of the left hand, made, he says, by a cutting knife. The owner is requested to come forward, prove proporty, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs. T. N. ALEXANDER, Sheriff.

Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 19, 1841. 32...f

CABINET WARE-HOUSE CHAIR FACTORY

JOB PRINTING.

WE are prepared at this Office with a handsome supply of Fancy Type, to execute all kinds o

Job-Printing

in a very superior style, and a short notice. Ordes will be thankfully received.

Jeffersonian Office, Charlotte, Mh 9, 1841.

MISCELLANY.

Contentment.—Old Maj. B———, of Arkansas, tells a pretty good story. He had been travelling through the woods some ten or fifteen hours when he opened upon a clearing, which had a log house in its centre, on which was chalked the words, "entertainment for man and beast." As neither himself nor his horse had had anything to eat all day, they both looked the happier at this sign of hospitality. As he rode up to the cabin he saw a flaxen-headed little fellow sunning himself before the door, and he accosted him with—

"Wall, my son, can you give me some supper?"

"I reckon not. We haint no meat, nor we haint no bread, nor we haint no taters."

"Wall, you can give me a bed, can't you?"

"I reckon not; for we haint no feathes, nor we haint no straw, nor we haint no floorin to our house."

"Wall, you can give my horse something to eat?"

"I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats neither."

"In the name of human nature how do you do here?"

"Oh! very well, I thank you. *How are all your folks to hum?*"

The Major couldn't stand it any longer, and sloped!

Blarney.—"A bright morning to your fair face, Mistress Murphy."

"Well, a good morning, John."

"Och! Mistress Murphy, whinever I see a rale shiny, Irish mornin' like this, it puts me in mind of the ould counthry, and of the time whin I lived wid yer father, (rest his soul,) a dacenter man niver drew breath, an sorra a poor craythur niver passed his doors without a bit of a sup."

"Troth he was, John."

"Mistress Murphy, (pulling a flask out of his pocket,) would thrust me for half a pint till I go down to the wharf, and may the —— fly away with the roof of me jacket, but I'll pay ye before the sun goes to bed!"

"Burn the dhrap, John, till ye pay for the half pint ye got yisterday."

"Mistress Murphy, (*emphatically*) I know'd yer mother, and she was an ould hod carrier, an' yer fadther was a dirthy washer-woman, an' I seed him hauled wi' six roarin' big bulls, to the gallows, ye ould ug ——."

John *sloped* in double quick time, and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

"Dem's 'em."—A pious old negro, while saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the *vegetables*, and stole under the window, near which stood the table of our colored christain.—Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced. "O, massa Lord! will dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebery ting before us; and be pleased to stow upon us just a few taters—and all de prais"——[Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot]—"Dern's 'em, massa Lord?" said Cato, looking up with surprise, "only jist luff 'em down leetle easier next time!"

Connubial tenderness.—We do not know where this originated, but it is excellent.

"Now, my dear husband, why don't you call me by sach names as other men call their wives?"

"Why, what do other men call their wives, you fool?"

"Why, they call them 'my duck' and 'my dear,' and such kind of words."

"Well, what is duck—say?"

"Why it's a *fowl*, to be sure."

"Right! Now, what's a *dear*, you goose?"

"It's a *beast*, certainly."

"Well then, I'll call you 'my foul beast.' Now go about your business."

There is much wisdom, and there is the spirit of true benevolence, in the following extract of a letter from Pope:

"I am rich *enough*, and can afford to give away £100 a year. I would not *crawl* upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, *by giving it alive*, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, *if there were a wanting friend above ground.*

Honest.—Said a distinguished gentleman of this State, who is fond of his bottle,—I have examined it the subject of Temperance in all its various aspects—I have examined it drunk, and I have examined sober, and there is not a single good argument to be advanced against it; the only reason I have for drinking *is, because I love it.—S. C. Temp. Adv.*

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

It is considered a gross impropriety for a man to snore so loud in church, as to awaken the rest of the congregation.

Close Shaving.—A Justice of the Peace was called on for the payment of a bill of 75 cents. Upon presenting the bill, the 'squire asked him if he would swear to the account. The man replied "yes."—The squire swore him, and handed him fifty cents. "Stop, 'squire, you are mistaken in the amount; 'tis 75 cents." "I know," returned the 'squire, "but I can't swear you for nothing."

Georgia Titles.—The Picayune says that in Georgia a man receives promotion according to the number of *Rattlesnakes* he has killed. A thousand gives him the rank of general—*one* makes a major of him—hence the multitude of Georgia majors.

Davy Crocket says, by shutting both your eyes when you fire your rifle, it is a very safe way. It is safe for you, and safe for the warmint you are firing at.

THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time, when every hand on the farm was busy as a bee, this man came over to Farmer Gray's, and said, rather in a petulant voice—

"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home."

"Why so, Mr. Barton; what have my geese been doing?" said the farmer, in a mild quiet tone.

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating; and go into my garden, and I will not have it!"—the neighbor replied in a still more petulant voice.

"I am really sorry for it, neigbor Barton: but what can I do?"

"Why, yoke them, and thus keep them on your own premises. It's no kind of way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

"But I cannot see to it now. It is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman and child on the farm has as much as he or she can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."

"I can't bear it, and I wont bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So if you don't take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."

"Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you please," farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry that they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now."

"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't, the shoemaker said, still more angrily, and then turned upon his heel and strode off towards his own house, which was quite near.

"What upon earth can be the matter with them geese?" Mrs. Gray said about fifteen minutes afterwards.

"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to do so, if I did not yoke them right off."

"Take care of them! How take care of them?"

"As to that I am quite in the dark. Killing them, perhaps. He said they picked at his pigs' ears and drove them away when they were eating, and that he would not have it. He wanted me to yoke them right off, but that I could not do, as all the hands are busy. He then said, shat if I didn't take care of them, he would. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese."

"John! William! run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese," Mrs. Gray said, in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.

The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform any errand.

"Oh, if he has dared to do any thing to my geese, I will never forgive him!" the good wife said angrily.

"H-u-s-h, Sally! make no rash speeches. It is more than probable that he has killed some two or three of them. But never mind if he has. He will get over his pet, and be sorry for it."

"Yes; but what good will his being sorry do me. Will it bring my geese to life?"

"Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we learn what all this disturbance is about."

In about ten minutes, the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.

"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Where did you find them?"

"We found them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—"Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it."

"I'd sue him for it!" said Mrs. Gray in an indignant tone.

"And what good would that do, Sally?"

"Why it would do a great deal of good. It would teach him better manners. It would punish him; and he deserves punishment."

"And punish us into the bargain. We have lost three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat. A lawsuit would cost us a good many geese, and not leave us even so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally—just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it, I know."

"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know? Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sotry for it! Now, I can tell you that I don't believe any thing about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch."

"Don't call hard names, Sally," farmer Gray said, in a mild, soothing tone. "Neighbor Barton was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you are a little excited you know, Sally, that even *you* do and say unreasonable things."

"Me do and say unreasonable things!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "Me say and do unreasonable things when I'm angry! I do n't understand you, Mr. Gray."

"May be I can help you a little. Don't you remember how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into our garden, and tramped over your lettuce bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole, and knocked off one of her horns?"

"But I did n't mean to do that, though."

"No, but then you were angry, and struck old brindle with a right good will. And if Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have prosecuted for damages."

"But she had no business there."

"Of course not. Neither had our geese any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But, perhaps I can help you to another instance, that will be more conclusive in regard to your doing and saying unreasonable things when you are angry. You remember the patent churn?"

"Yes, but never mind about that."

"So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn. It was n't good for any thing—you knew it was n't; and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you would n't. And yet on trial, you found that churn the best you ever used, and now would n't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry, just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider him a little, and give him time to get over his angry fit. It will be much better to do so."

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. She did not, however, say any thing about sueing the shoemaker—for old brindle's head from which the horn had been knocked off, was not entirely well, and one prosecution very naturally suggested the idea of another. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off their feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, the farmer smiled and bowed, and spoke kindly. Mr Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock of the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him, and crying—

"Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our corn field."

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray, in a quiet tone.

"Drive 'em out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray. "Drive 'em out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd serve him as he served my geese yesterday!"

"But that would n't bring the geese to life again, Sally."

"I do n't care if it would n't; I would give him in his own coin, and that's all."

"You know what the bible says, Sally, about grievous words, and they apply with strong force to grievous actions. No—no—I will not injure neighbor Barton—good for evil. The man has done wrong, and I am sorry for it. And as I wish him still to remain my friend, a kind and unneighbourly action, I am sure, is not the use of the best means for keeping him so."

"Then you will be revenged on him."

"No, Sally—not revenged—I hope I have no such feeling. For I am not angry with neighbor Barton, who has done himself a much greater wrong than he has done me. But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he acted, that he may do so no more. And then we shall not have any cause to complain of him, nor he any to be grieved, for I am sure he is, at his own hasty conduct, while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn."

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his corn-field. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks, and pulling off, and eating the ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half eaten ears of corn and throwing them out into the lane for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the progress of obtaining a liberal meal. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had from his own house seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his corn field, came hurriedly up and said—

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this: I will most cheerfully, pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh, never mind, friend Barton—never mind.—Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

"Do'nt speak of it, Mr. Gray. They did n't annoy me half as much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do you think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels—or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay you for it most cheerfully."

"Oh, no—not for the world, friend Barton.—Such things will happen sometimes. And besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs could never have got in. So do n't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with another."

All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill-natured language and conduct, at a much smaller tresspass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him. After a few moments' silence he said—

"The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you let me pay for this corn. My hogs should not be fattened at your expense, and I will not consent to its being done. So I shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn, for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."

But Mr. Gray shook his head, and smiled pleasantly, as he replied—

"Don't think any thing more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will tresspass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear."

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer than he did before. But one thing he resolved, and that was to pay Mr. Gray for his corn which his hogs had eaten.

"You told him your mind pretty plainly, I hope," Mrs. Gray said as her husband came in.

"I certainly did," was the quiet reply.

"And I am glad you had spirit enough to do it! I reckon he will think twice before he kills any more of my geese."

"I expect you are right Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled again."

"And what did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?"

"Why he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten; but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world. That such accidents would happen sometimes."

"You did?"

"Certainly, I did."

"And thats the way you spoke your mind to him!"

"Precisely, and it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken an-

grily to him. He is exceedingly pained at what he has done, and says he will never rest until he has paid for that corn. And I am resolved never to take a cent for it. It will be the best possible guaranty I can have for his neighborly conduct hereafter."

"Well, perhaps you are right," Mrs. Gray said after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "I like Mrs. Barton very much—and now I come to think of it, I should not wish to have any difference between our families."

"And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read a good deal, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him occasionally during the long winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper—but I am sure it is much better for us to bear with and soothe that, than to oppose and excite it, and thus keep both his family and our own in hot water.?

"You are certainly right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick, as they say."

"And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, should you exercise towards Mr. Barton, or any one else whose hasty temper leads him into words or actions that in calmer and more thoughtful moments are subjects of regret."

On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in his own door, from which he could see all over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his own cows in his neighbor's corn-field, browsing away in quite a contented manner. As he was going to call one of the farm hands to go over and drive them out, he perceived that Mr. Barton had become aware of the mischief that was going on, and had already started for the field of corn.

"Now we will see the effect of yesterday's lesson," the farmer said to himself, and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton came up to the cows—but instead, of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.

"Admirable!" ejaculated farmer Gray.

"What is admirable?" asked his wife, who came within hearing distance at the moment.

"Why, the lesson I gave our friend Barton yesterday, works admirably."

"How so?"

"Why two of our cows were in his cornfield a few minutes ago, destroying the corn at a rapid rate."

"Well! what did he do to them?" said Mrs. Gray in a quick anxious tone.

"He drove them out."

"Did he stone them, or beat them?"

"Oh no. He was as gentle as a child towards them."

"You ar certainly jesting."

"Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten that his pigs were in my corn-field yesterday and that I turned them out without hurting a hair of one of them. Now, suppose I had got angry and beaten his hogs, what do you think the result would have been? Why, it is much more than probable, that one or both of our fine cows would have been at this moment in the condition of Mr. Mellon's old brindle."

"I wish you wouldn't say anything more about old brindle," Mrs. Gray said, trying to laugh, while her face grew red, in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.

"Well, I won't Sally, if it worries you. But it is such a good illustration, that I cannot help using it sometimes."

"I am glad he didn't hurt the cows," Mrs. Gray said, after a pause.

"And so am I, Sally. Glad on more than one account. It shows that he has made an effort to keep down his hasty, irritable temper—and if he can do that, it will be a favor conferred on the whole neighborhood, for almost every one complains, at times, of this fault in his character."

"It is certainly the best policy to keep fair weather with him"—Mrs. Gray remarked—"for a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal."

"That word policy, Sally, is not a good word," her husband replied. "It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than mere policy—motives grounded in correct and unselfish principles."

"But what other motive but policy could we possibly have for putting up with Mr. Barton's outrageous conduct?

"Other and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect thet Mr. Barton has naturally a hasty temper, and that, when excited, he does things for which he is sorry afterwards—and that, in nine cases out of ten, he is a greater sufferer from these outbreaks than any one else. In our actions towards him, then, it is a much higher and better motive for us to be governed by a desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, than to look merely to the protection of ourselves from its effects. Do you not think so?

"Yes, it does seem so?"

"When thus moved to action, we are, in a degree, regarding the whole neighborhood, for the evil of which we speak, affects all. And in thus suffering ourselves to be governed by such elevated and unselfish motives, we gain all that we possibly could have gained under the mere instigation of policy—and a great deal more. But to bring the matter into a still narrower compass. In all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple consideration—is it right? If a spirit of retaliation be not right, then it cannot be indulged without a mutual injury. Of course then it should never prompt us to action. If cows or hogs get into my field or garden and destroy my property, who is to blame most? Of course, myself. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gates closed. The animals certainly are not to blame for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would then be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?"

"Yes—I suppose it would."

"So at least it seems to me. Then, of course, I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they do break into my corn field or garden, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy."

After this, there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get among Mr. Barton's hogs and annoy them while eating, but it did not worry him as it did formerly. If they became too troublesome, he would drive them away, but not by throwing sticks and stones at them as he once did.

Late in the fall, the shoemaker brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill, with sundry credits.

"Pay day has come at last," farmer Gray said, good humoredly, as the shoemaker presented his account. "Well let us see!" and he took the bill to examine it, item after item.

"What is this?" he asked, reading aloud.

"Cr. By one bushel of corn, *fifty cents*."

"It's some corn I had from you."

"I reckon you must be mistaken. You never got any corn from me."

"Oh yes I did. I remember it perfectly well. It is all right."

"But when did you get it, friend Barton? I am sure that I havn't the most distant recollection of it."

"My hogs got it," the shoemaker said, in rather a low and hesitating tone.

"Your hogs!"

"Yes. Don't you remember when my hogs broke into your field, and destroyed your corn?"

"Oh dear! Is that it? Oh, no, no, friend Barton! I cannot allow that item in the bill."

"Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just—and I shall never rest until it is paid."

"I can't indeed. You couldn't help your hogs getting into my field; and then you know, friend Barton—(lowering his tone)—my geese were very troublesome!"

The shoemaker blushed and looked confused; but farmer Gray slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, in a lively, cheerful way—

"Don't think any thing more about it, friend Barton! And hereafter, let us endeavor to *do as we would be done by*, and then every thing will go on as smooth as clock-work."

"But you will allow that item in the bill?" the shoemaker urged, perservingly.

"Oh, no, I could n't do that. I should think it wrong to make you pay for my own or some of my men's negligence in leaving the bars down."

"But then—(hesitatingly)—those geese! I killed three. Let it go for them."

"If you killed them, we ate them—so that is even. No, no, let the past be forgotten, and if it makes better neighbors and friends of us, we never need regret what has happened.

Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill was settled, omitting the item of "corn." From that time forth he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker.

The cows, and hogs, and geese of both, would occasionally tresspass—but the trespassers were always kindly removed. The lesson was not lost on either of them—for even farmer Gray used to feel, sometimes, a little annoyed, when his neighbor's cattle broke into his field. But in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he had taken a little of it to himself.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

As it is not often that we have an opportunity of publishing a ghost story, authenticated by the testimony underneath of two eye-witnesses, we copy the following curious narrative, in extenso, from a New Hampshire paper. We shall not attempt to account for the impression on the minds of the two witnesses, to which they no doubt honestly attest, in any other way than by attributing it to the state of excitement and alarm into which they were thrown, by the actual scene, at the solemn midnight hour, and under the circumstances which they describe of the distressed dying man, perhaps in a state of delirium, attempting to give utterance to the ravings of his own disordered imagination.

From the New Hampshire Statesman.

MURDER WILL OUT.—HORRIBLE DEATH AND DYING CONFESSION.

About forty or forty-five years since, (we tell the story as told to us by individuals in the vicinity,) a man by the name of Hodgdon, was working in Landaff, N. H., as a joiner. The last season he was there, he finished off a house for Jonathan Noyes, and made his home with Mr. Noyes during the time. He lent Noyes some two or three hundred dollars in money, so that when the house was finished, Noyes was indebted to him about four hundred dollars, for labor and money. When Noyes' house was completed, he went to work upon a house for Mr. John Gross, in the vicinity, his clothes and a part of his tools still remaining at Noyes' house. He left Gross' house one evening, to go up to Mr. Noyes'—and was never seen after that time Some little excitement existed there (as the old people say) at the time, respecting his mysterious disappearance, but as he was a stranger, in a measure, it was said he had absconded, and Noyes soon after pretended to have received a letter from somewhere in New York, requesting him (Noyes) to sell his (Hodgdon's) tools, and other things, and send the money on to him, which he accordingly did, but whether the proceeds of the sale went to New York, or any where is not known.—The excitement, however, soon died away, and nothing more said or thought about it, until the death bed confession which we publish below, brought the hidden mystery to light. Noyes died a few years since, and on his death bed intimated that he had something to disclose, before he could die in peace, but Mann went a day or two before his death, and spent a whole day with him, and after that nothing more was said about divulging any thing, and he expired apparently in the greatest mental agony, and under horrible remorse of conscience, frequently exclaiming "O God! forgive me that one sin." The Edwards to whom it is supposed he (Mann) referred, and who, many now suppose, was accessary to the murder, is now living, and has been partially deranged at times ever since, as well as Mann.—Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, and

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt by fire."

Bath, July 9, 1842.

Messrs. Editors—Much excitement exists in this vicinity, relative to the death-bed of Mr. Samuel Mann, of Benton, and many stories are in circulation relative to his dying hours, and the strange sights and circumstances attending it. To remove falsehood and establish the truth, the Watchers' depositions have been taken, and I enclose them as they were deliberately and calmly taken before me.

From their character and deportment, and the evident solemnity of their feelings, I have no doubt that the enclosed is the honest conviction of their hearts.

Different people will have different views of the light, and the stranger who stood at the bed side of the dying man, in his last hours of mental and bodily agony. Some will say that moving the candle will account, NB the brightening light looking in their terror like *of La* crimson, unearthly light; that the groan they proceeded from some of the sleepers in the three rooms around them; that they either fancied the sight of the stranger who stood between them (as they thought) and the bed of the dying man, or else some neighbor stepped in unobserved at the open door and looked on that solemn scene and witnessed the last struggle, and as soon as it was over departed unobserved and in silence by the same way. Others will say that it is impossible, as they both heard that deep groan and both located in the North-west corner of the room they were in, and being in different parts of it, the angel of sound coming from the same point to the ear of each, and no persons sleeping there or in that direction is conclusive against such a supposition.

Both say the light of the candle was feeble and the light strong and powerful through the entire room, lighting up the walls and all in a crimson hue. Some will say that was the imagination, and so was the man appearing there a shadow from the light of the candle. But if a shadow, it would have been on the wall and not before the bed; and how could it be a shadow when the only light in the room was before them as they faced the bed themselves, and this object was before them and the bed. Then this terror and agitation some will say was the last struggles for life, and the hard parting of soul and body; and that his confessions were perhaps the ravings of insanity. Others will say a man was missing 44 years ago in a strange manner, and was never found and never claimed his tools or property. I leave all to the reflection of all, as a strange event but incapable of solution without supernatural agency.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.
IRA GOODALL.

P. S. I questioned them apart and together, and they both agree in all the main facts, and especially in all he said, and believing that he was perfectly reasoable, but in great agony of spirit and terror at the object they saw, as he opened his eyes at it, and groaned and rolled, and tried to hide his head, and then confessed. They cannot tell how long it was. They think the groan was about ten. They then awoke the family, and found all asleep in their beds, and no stranger or neighbors there except those in bed.

The public can form their own opinions, and I leave these facts, as I have no doubt they believe them, to that public. The outside door of the house was closed during this time, and was not heard to open or shut by either.

We, the undersigned, depose and say, that on Sunday evening, June 19, A. D. 1842, we were called to watch with Mr. Samuel Mann, our neighbor, of North Benton. One of us had been with him the Friday night before, to watch, and had stopped there, at the family's request, Saturday night, and Sunday through the day; the other Mr. Whitcher, came to watch about 9 o'clock in the evening, and the family soon after retired to rest, and left us with the sick man, in a small room, the bed on the north side, the fire place on the south side, the door way to the kitchen on the east and a door leading into a bed room on the west end of the room, had a set of drawers on the east side of the room near the foot of the bed, and a window by the foot, on the north side. The window was raised from four to six inches. The door into the kitchen was open, and Mr. George W. Mann slept there in the southeast corner of it. The door into the bed room was shut, and Mrs. Peter Howe and Mrs. Mann slept there. It was supposed he was dying on Friday night, his extremities were cold, and yet he lingered on; he seemed much distressed, but not insane, and on Saturday and Sunday remained still alive, and apparently sensible. When all was still Sunday night, and Mr. Whitcher was standing by the foot of the bed, close to the drawers by the open window, and Mr. Norris was sitting south of the bed some four or five paces from the head of the bed, on the west side of the room; and the candle was shining and standing on the mantle over the fire place, when we both distinctly heard a groan: to Mr. Whitcher it seemed on the south east of, and near him, and the drawers, and to Mr. Norris it seemed north east and near the drawers. We are both positive it could not come from the sick man, nor the bed whereon he was, nor from another room. It was a deep lengthened groan, and startled us both. Mr. Whitcher stept from the foot of the bed where he was standing by the open window, to the fire place to get the light, and see what the noise came from, or what caused it. As he took the light and turned round towards the bed, we both saw the room lighted up all at once, with an unearthly crimson colored light. It almost extinguished the light of the candle, so that its light was very feeble, apparently almost out—and immediately we both saw a strange looking man standing between us and the bed, looking apparently at Mr. Mann—his dress we cannot describe, his whole face we did not see. His clothes were dark, but we cannot give the fashion or make, nor say, whether he had on boots or shoes, or hat or not. We were both transfixed—both stood there side by side, as Norris had risen up, Whitcher still holding the candle in his hand and no fire in the fire place, at least none that gave any light, and as the strange man stood before us, and his back towards us, and his face towards Mr. Mann, Mr. Mann appeared much excited and agitated, he rolled on the bed, and threw his arms about and opened his eyes wide open, and appeared frightened and to gaze upon the apparition; then he tried to cover up his head, then he spake, and his words were according to our best recollection as follows:

I am a lost man, and going to Hell, and I can see Hell! and the Devil is waiting for me. Oh! I have helped make way with a man forty-four years ago this summer on Jockey Hill, when I lived in Landaff. The man I worked for is now dead, and I assisted him to make way with him, and we carried him up northeast of the house, where was then a second growth of wood, on a swampy, flatish piece, now cleared up, and buried him. I have thought of it much since, and was often warned about it, but I tried to bear it as well as I could. He tried to say something more, and we both think he used the name of Edwards, but in what connexion we cannot say. He called no other name, and we may be mistaken in this name, but we think we are not. He then sunk down, after turning over once or twice, and throwing his arms about, groaned and died. We know we were frightened, and could not speak, or did not, nor did the stranger, and as soon as Mann had finished confessing, and was dying away, he (the stranger) was gone. How he got in or out, we know not, one door was open, but we did not see him come in or go out, nor can we believe that he did. When we first saw him, he stood at the head of the bed or near it, his face partly tured away from Whitcher towards the head and his back to Norris. We cannot describe his looks, nor can we his dress.

We have above given the truth as it appeared to us, and (for the sake of the survivors,) as smoothly as we could—and as near as we can recollect it, and although we were shocked and some what confused, we both remember, and fear we always shall too vividly, the scenes of that night, and when we spoke to each other of it at first both agreed as above. Neither of us had ever heard of a man being missing as he told us, and we have been up today to see the ground he described, and found it as he told. He made confession of no other crime that we understood, and we feel friendly to the family, and also to him, and have no other view in giving this but to save false reports, and do our solemn duty.

HAZEN WHITCHER.
DAVID M. NORRIS.

Grafton, ss. July 9, 1842. Then the said Hazen Whicher, and David M. Norris, the signers of the above affidavit made by them, signed, is true and is all the truth according to our last recollection, before me,

IRA COODALL, Jus. Peace.

☞ We are glad to learn from the "Petersburg Intelligencer," that the Petersburg and Roanoke Rail Road Company comtemplate a reduction of 30 per cent. on their charge for the transportation of Tobacco.—*Raleigh Register.*

Politics of the Day.

From the Lynchburg Republican.

"Ye honored Gods! keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! Plant *love* amongst us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not of bloody war." *Shakspeare.*

There was another disgraceful scene in the House of Representatives some days since, in which John Quincy Adams and H. A. Wise were as usual, the chief actors. Mr. W. charged in committee of the whole, that the present disproportion in Naval Commissions originated with Mr. A. when President, and intimated that the old man from Massachusetts had given Virginia more than her share in order to obtain her vote. After the bill upon which Mr. W. made his remarks was taken out of the Committee, Mr. Adams rose to reply, when he was called to order by Mr. Wise upon the ground that a Speech made in committee could not be answered in the House. Mr. Adams then not wishing to be out of order, said he would not reply to the member from Virginia, by name, but he would just suppose that certain charges had been made against him and that they had come from a *demon of Hell* whom he [Mr. A.] was willing to meet face to face. He then pronounced the charges referred to as false in every essential particular, and indulged in the use of language highly disreputable to an ex-President of the United States. Mr. Wise replied in his usual style. His language was equally as intemperate, and in as bad taste as that employed by Mr. Adams.

Such scenes are disgraceful to Congress and to the Nation, and it is humiliating to reflect that they have become of frequent occurrence in the Halls of our national Legislature. Since the whigs obtained the ascendancy, scarcely a week has past without a *fight* or a *row* in one House or the other. May we not appropriately ask, in the language of Daniel Webster, "is this the entertainment to which we were invited"? Is this a part of the *reform* promised by "all the decency" and "all the morality" party two years ago? All the participators in the late disorderly proceedings of Congress, with a very few exceptions, were violent opponents of Van Buren and the Democracy at the Presidential election. They hesitated not to express the belief on all occasions, that the *moral* as well as the political condition of the nation would be bettered by the ascendancy of their party. They succeeded to the extent of their wishes, and the results of their victory are before us. Their measures have inflicted deep and lasting injury upon the people, whom they promised to relieve from pecuniary suffering and elevate to a high degree of prosperity. And instead of order and decorum in the legislative bodies under their control, they have introduced blackguardism, fisticuffs, and daggers?

Is it not time for the *order-loving* of both parties to speak out in the most emphatic manner against the scenes that have of late disgraced the metropolis of the country? Should they not take the matter in their own hands, and drive their unruly representatives from the seats which they have dishonered? If the "rowdies" in question cannot be expelled from the present Congress, they can, at least, be left out of the next; and the sovereigns owe it to themselves and to their country to make an example of them at the polls. We trust that in the next Congress, Massachusetts will not be disgraced by an Adams; North Carolina by a Stanley; Virginia by a Wise and a Botts; Tennessee by an Arnold. It is to be hoped that the seats of these madcaps will be occupied by members capable of acting the part of *gentlemen.—Lynchburg Republican.*

AN IMPORTANT FACT.

Col. Hubard in his speech upon the Tariff, refers to the "Tables of industry in Massachusetts," showing that the value of the articles produced or manufactured by the several branches of industry carried on by the citizens of that State during the year ending 12th April, 1837, was $86,282,610
The Capital invested was only 54,831,643
Hands employed 117,532
Allowing one half the manufactured productions to pay for the raw material (which is thought to be a liberal allowance) there remains as the product of their labor. $13,141,308
This will give per hand about $376

Col. Hubard very appopriately asks, "Do the farmers and planters *make* per hand the enormous sum of $376? If not, how can they consent to be taxed to increase the wealth of the manufacturers?"

To the first of these inquiries every Virginia planter and farmer will return a negative answer. We doubt whether they realize per hand, one fourth the amount estimated as the *profit* of the manufacturer. The first question being thus answered, the second is of easy solution. Our people *will not* consent to be taxed to increase the wealth of Northern monopolists.—*Ib.*

Boston.—Something seems to be stimulating the "Literary Emporium" most wonderfully, while the rest of the country remains collapsed. A letter from a friend in that city says,—"Houses in this city and vicinity are going up by hundreds."

N. Y. Jour. Com.

Boston be it remembered, is the *great city* of the manufacturing States. She is flourishing "like the green bay tree" while clouds of darkness and gloom hang over the brightest prospects of all other sections of the country. And yet the tariffites would make us believe that she needs additional protection to save her manufacturers from ruin! Is not the simple fact stated above a triumphant reply to every argument which has been offered in favor of "protecting home industry?" If the people of Boston, who are emphatically a manufacturing people, can build up houses "by hundreds" in times like these, is it not madness in them to ask for further protection? Ought the farmers and planters of the South, whose pecuniary sufferings are already next to intolerable, be forced to pay higher prices for their goods in order to enable the Bostonians to put up *thousands* instead of 'hundreds' of buildings at a period of unparalleled distress? Let our people, our tax paying people, answer the question.

Lynchburg Republican.

From a late Illinois Paper.

DR. WHITNEY'S RENUNCIATION.

To the electors of the District composed of the counties of Boone, DeKalb, Kane and McHenry:

As the time has arrived when active measures should be taken for the organization of the party, preparatory to the approaching election, and, as I am constantly receiving communications from leading Whigs in different parts of the district, in relation to such organization, I deem it a duty I owe to those with whom I have, for a time, acted in politics, to inform them that I shall not act in future, with the Whig party.

When every thing, on the part of the party now in power, indicates weakness and pusillanimity, and when office-seeking and office-making appears to be the only good that actuates them, it seems to me prudent, *at least*, to inquire if all is right. And when a Congress sits, at an immense expense to the nation, for more than half a year out of eight months, and that too, at times of the greatest pecuniary embarrassments under which the country has ever groaned, without adopting the first measure of relief, or evincing a disposition or ability to do so, I find in this suficient evidence that all *is not right.*

And when I see the pledges that were so liberally made by the party unredeemed, and dissensions distracting the councils of the nation, and the American Congress becoming a byword and reproach, and distress and ruin shadowing with raven wings the breadth of the land, I cannot close my eyes upon the path of duty that lies plain before me; and, though I do not look for infallibility in the democratic party, I do believe that in future, *as in the past*, the government cannot be committed to safer hands than theirs; and, being abundantly satisfied with the "*changes*" already wrought by the administration party, my vote and my humble influence will hereafter be given in favor of the democratic party, with whom I have acted, *with a brief exception*, since my earliest knowledge of politics.

DANIEL H. WHITNEY.

Belvidere, Ill., May 28, 1842.

Secession.—"The following is the letter of the Hon. C. Morris, a Whig member of Congress from Ohio, in which he repudiates the doings of the majority of that honorable body. The disclosure he makes of the *motives* of this majority, tells strongly against their loud processions of "care of the people's interests," coming, as it does, from a man whose political predilections are with the majority, and who confesses to the extreme difficulty with which even he can free himself from "the shackles of party." He tells us, with a reluctance which nothing but profound convictions of impending disasters could overcome, that the measures proposed in Congress are met with the inquiry, not whether it would meet the wants or subserve the interests of "the people," but "*will it operate for or against this or that man's pretensions to the Presidency?*"

Mr. Goode, another Whig member from Ohio, has also published a letter of similar character.

From the Rocking Valley (Ohio,) Gazette.

Washington City, May 28, 1842.

Dear Sir: Although I have for some time been rather a silent observer of the ruinous condition of the affairs of our beloved country, I have not been an indifferent one. For some time I have been convinced of the importance of a speedy and efficient effort on the part of the people to rescue the country from the oppression and ruin in which party strife and party bickerings have involved us; but so strong have been the shackles of party thrown around every man in public life, that I too find it almost impossible to sever the cord.

Party spirit and party strife, to a reasonable extent, are commendable and praiseworthy, and ordinarily impart a healthful influence over the whole body politic; but there is a point beyond which they become destructive to the interests, and even the very liberties of the whole country, and I cannot but feel that to that point we have nearly arrived. So long as party strife has for its object the accomplishment, or carrying out, of important measures, involving the true interests of the government, so long should it be cherished and encouraged; but just as soon as these great principles are lost sight of, and the political interests and promotion of men are substituted in their stead, then it is that ruin and distress follow in the train. Such I conceive to be the present state of things: the contention seems to be for men and not for measures.

For months the inquiry has been abroad among the people, from one end of the Union to the other, "Why does not Congress do something by which the people and the country can be relieved?" I answer: it is not because its members do not labor intensely from day to day; nor is it because they prefer their ease to the service of their constituents, but it is simply because party spirit and party considerations have insinuated themselves into all the public business of the country, and have acquired such a control over the actions and transactions of public men that every other consideration yields to their all-absorbing and controlling influence; so much so, that when a proposition for the relief of the country is submitted, the inquiry is not will it meet the wants and subserve the interests of the people, but will it operate for or against this or that man's pretensions to the *Presidency?* will it impair to or diminish from, *the* party more or less *power?* Hence the protracted discussions, personal slander, or abuse in the legislative bodies throughout the country.

In this state of things there is but one course for the people of this country to adopt; and that is to place their seal of disapprobation, in terms not to be misunderstood, upon the course pursued by some of the leaders of each party in and out of Congress to promote the interests of a few individuals who are aspiring to the Presidency, at the expense of the whole country. Then, and not till then, will their business be attended to and their rights protected.

The people ought to demand a prompt and speedy action on the part of the public servants, and he who throws himself in the way of that action ought to take the consequences.

It will be time enough to select the candidates for the Presidency after the country is righted up, and the people relieved from their sufferings and embarrassments. It does seem to me that no patriot, no lover of his country, no American citizen, ought to stop to inquire, "who shall our next President be?" while the country bleeds at every pore.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
CALVARY MORRIS.

Paupers.—Eighteen square-rigged vessels arrived at St. John's (N. B) in one day last week, bringing *fourteen hundred* emigrants. The St. John's Courier says of them, that they have arrived "at a time of extreme depression, and when there is but little employment offering, and consequently no great inducement for the bulk of them to remain in the Province. We also observe by the St. Andrews Standard, that the Poor House at that place is already crowded with the wives and children of pauper emigrants, who have arrived here this spring, some of whom had been sent out at the expense of Parishes in the old country, and others had been led to believe, that public funds to an unlimited extent were available in this province for their benefit. We have heard that several destitute blind persons, and even unfortunate maniacs, have arrived in St. John's in some of the emigrant vessels this spring, who will of course add to our already heavy Parish charges.—*Portland Argus.*

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt.—If you wish for relief, you must work for it, economise for it. You must make more, and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.—You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gewgaws. Try our scheme, and see if it is not worth a thousand banks and valuation laws.

A phrenologist once came to us to get a job of printing done; he wanted to feel our head, and we let him do so. He gave us a magnificent character: we were so *benevolent*—so kind, so witty, so every thing that is good!—oh! how he did regret that he had not previously heard of our character! Well, he got through; and then informed us that he was out of funds, and *wanted trust* for the printing. We wouldn't stand it, no how he could fix it. He has since described us as a d—d fool, a stupid ass, a villian, who is sure to reach the gallows! How completely in character with the ways of the world.—*Perry Dem.*

From the Globe, August 1.

The debate on the great tariff came up to-day, on Mr. *Buchanan's* amendment, striking out the clause repealing the *compromise proviso* in the distribution act.

Mr. *Buchanan*, as will be seen in the sketch given in this day's proceedings, urged insurmountable objections to the repealing clause, which, while it breaks the compromise of the distribution act, violates, in a double sense, the compromise tariff act of 1833. The latter act brought down the duties to 20 per cent. ad valorem; and at that point the imposts were to remain, if not found wholly inadequate to an economical administration of the Government, with the means at its command.

When, at the extra session, the land-distribution bill passed, a new security was given for the preservation of the orignal compromise act, expressly stipulating that if higher duties than 20 per cent. ad valorem (as fixed by the law of 1833) should be imposed, the distribution should cease. The precise state of things anticipated by the distribution act of the extra session has occurred; and now, the very men who consented to the proviso as the condition and the consideration on which the passage of the bill was effected, insist not only on the repeal of the proviso—in utter violation of the compact which carried their distribution measure—but they go on to repeal the compromise act of 1833, by doubling the duties fixed by it.

Mr. *Buchanan* urged strongly the futility of this attempt, when it was clear, from the President's late veto—not a month old—that he had laid it down as a fixed principle to maintain in good faith the terms on which the distribution bill (to which, by his signature, he was an accessary party) became a law. Nothing could be more forcibly or clearly manifested than the inconsistency of the course of those who advocated the great tariff as an essential revenue measure—as an essential measure to the various interests requiring incidental protection—as an essential measure to save untarnished the national honor and credit—and nevertheless scoupled it with a prostration of another act, which the Executive had declared it to be his solemn duty to observe and maintain. The extraordinary spectacle of a majority in Congress sitting a whole year to construct a law to support a national system of finance, associated with a system of protection to manufactures, and then attaching to it a clause to defeat the preliminary measures with which they began their labors, and with it, inevitably, that which was to be the consumation of all their travail, was exhibited so strongly as to make the legislation of Whiggery look ludicrous in its absurdity.

Another point touched by Mr. BUCHANAN made a strong impression. He showed that, in the endeavor to retain the distribution of the public lands for the States, the majority had been compelled to put a tax on tea and coffee, to the full amount of the sum so distributed; and this had the effect of levying a poll-tax, which fell on the poorest laborer, and taxed him as much as *John Jacob Astor*, the richest man in America—and simply to exempt the *rich* in the several States receiving the distribution into their treasury, from the amount of State tax, from which the wealthy would be exonerated by the distribution. The public will remember that Congress voted down the tax on tea and coffee, (proposed at the extra session.) considering them necessaries, used alike by all—rich and poor; and therefore as levying an unequal tax, making the poor pay as much as the rich. It is now seen that the distribution of the public domain, for the benefit of influential speculators in the States, draws in its train this oppressive and unjust tax on the comforts of the people.

A third position assumed by Mr. *Buchanan* in support of his amendment, was one which appealed to the prudence of the manufacturers. He suggested that some had wished to have the lands distributed, to raise the duties, and profit by them. But very high duties would necessarily result in such a competition in home fabrics as would ultimately (with the smuggling consequent) cheapen them so much, as to exclude foreign articles from our market; and this would, in the end, bring about a direct tax. In this way, the distribution, contrived to increase protection, would terminate in destroying all protection. These inferences have strong support in the recent experience of England. The new Ministry have found that high duties countervailed themselves, and that it was necessary to reduce the duties to 20 per cent. ad valorem. A resort to a direct tax on incomes, has been the consequence of the high tariff eating itself up. The highest duties they could lay on imports ended in a deficiency of revenue.

Messrs. *Crittenden*, *Conrad*, and *Tallmadge* replied to Mr. *Buchanan*. The latter had the floor when we left the Senate.

From the Washington Globe.

MR. JEFFERSON vs. THE RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM.

MR. EDITOR: I would have been very much surprised—if, indeed, I could be surprised at anything in politics—at the bold pertinacity with which Mr. Jefferson has been claimed as a high protective tariff man by the advocates of that barbarous and exploded policy; a policy condemned by all the great writers on political economy; at war with the *free* spirit of the age; adverse to the prosperity of our common country, especially to the great agricultural interest of the South; and pregnant with danger to our internal harmony, and to the existence of our glorious Union itself. But that Mr. Jefferson was *not* a tariff man, is a fact well known to every intelligent man, who has studied the political principles of the great "apostle of liberty." An advocate of free trade in principle, Mr. Jefferson held free-trade doctrines with as few qualifications as most other disciples of that school. He was decidedly opposed to the protective tariff of 1824; and were he now upon earth, he would hurl his most indignant and scornful wrath against those who, perverting his opinions, are attempting, by the influence of his great name, to sustain a system of policy which he scouted and detested. Upon this subject I beg leave to submit the following conclusive testimony from Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. ii, page 367:

"Before this question (the tariff question) had been agitated, or the diversity of interests had been developed to the public mind, Mr. Jefferson received a letter from Mr. Benjamin Austin of Massachusetts, in which, among other things, he tells Mr. Jefferson that he "was quoted by those who wished to continue our dependence on England for manufactures"—alluding to the passage in his notes, in which he discountenances the policy of manufactories in Virginia.* To this letter he gave a reply, that has been triumphantly quoted by the supporters of the tariff. They have, however, given to it a force and effect which it will not justly bear; for, while he seemed to have lost his former prejudice against manufactures and manufacturers, *no one was more opposed to the measures pursued by their friends for their encouragement, or was more sensible both of their injustice and impolicy.*"

But what said Mr. Jefferson, himself, *after* the tariff question had been fully discussed, and while the protective tariff of 1824 was in full blast? In a letter to Mr. Madison, dated February 17, 1826, a few months before his death, in accounting for his pecuniary embarrassments, Mr. Jefferson uses the following language:

"But the long succession of stunted crops; of reduced prices; *the general prostration of the farming business, under levies for the the support of the manufacturers*, &c., with the calamitous fluctuations of value in our paper medium, *have kept agriculture in a state of abject depression.*"—*See same volume, page* 488.

This, surely, is decisive. Mr. Jefferson here not only affirms the general principle that the protective system is destructive of the agricultural interest of our country, but he asserts the particular fact that the tariff of 1824 had prostrated the farming business; and, with other adverse causes, such as "stunted crops," had plunged him in great pecuniary embarrassment. That Mr. Jefferson could have been the advocate of a system of policy so destructive of the great interests of his country, is utterly impossible.

Besides all this, an intelligent friend informs me that he heard Mr. Jefferson declare, at his table, that those who advocated a National Bank, internal improvements by the Federal Government, and a protective tariff, were the legitimate descendants of the old Federal party.

I have scribbled the above in great haste, to disabuse the public mind with regard to Mr. Jefferson's position in relation to the restrictive system, now attempted to be revived and fastened upon our country forever. FREE TRADE.

ROCKBRIDGE, Va., July 21, 1842.

"That it was better for our workshops to remain in Europe."

From the New York Plebian.

HENRY CLAY.

Well! the die is cast—the edict has gone forth, and HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky, is to be the leader in the next Presidential contest, of the incongruous elements which rally together under the Whig banner. Defeats, disasters and disappointments have soured the temper of their rank and file; and the other Whig leaders, Tyler, and Webster, and Scott, have found themselves denounced or distrusted by those who once made them the objects of a fawning idolatry. The word of him who, in his retirement, gloats with pride over a long career of senatorial dictation, is now omnipotent with the party; the will of Cæsar is the will of Rome. The sound of that imperial voice has gone forth, and from every quarter partizans have sent back the response. On the soil of his own Kentucky, with devoted friends around him—at the festal board, his stomach happy with the relish of a $600 heifer—his imagination sanguine with bright hopes for the future—his memory careless of the past, has that will been uttered in the remarkable declaration, that he, Henry Clay, "Should not deny, that he should feel greatly honored by a call from a majority of the people of this country, to the highest office within their gift."

We rejoice at this nomination. The career of Henry has had much in it to excite admiration; in his younger years, admiration and love for zeal of the youthful patriot; in his latter days, admiration and fear for the daring of the reckless politician.—Proud, relentless, ambitious, he undoubtedly is, but he is also bright, fearless and commanding; corrupt and vindictive we most certainly deem him, but he is at the same time able and eloquent. Nature has stamped him with the elements of greatness; a great bad man, or a bad great man, as you please. He is to be teared, exposed, overpowered; but he is the type of his party. He represents its principles—is deep-wedded in its confidence—and will draw forth its energies. We therefore hail this nomination with pleasure—

"With that true joy that warrior's feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

We rejoice at the nomination. The line must now be drawn: the political issues of the day must be met. The deceptions and tomfooleries of 1840 are past; when we next strike, we shall not dull our battle-axe on the knotty wood of a log cabin, but will have a fair blow at the stalwart frame of ancient Federalism. Our shot will not glance off from the dried skin of some poor old coon, but will take effect in the very apple of the Whig eye. A clear field and a fair fight we shall have, instead of a drunken, hard cider revelry; and the bold defiance and vigorous cheers of men contending for vital principles, instead of songs with the chorus of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," or any other chorus. Henry Clay may have doubled, and twisted, and squirmed upon the Abolition question, and the Assumption question; but, he is what the Whigs are. We shall, therefore, fight broadly for Economy and credit, against Extravagance and Debt; a Tariff for Revenue, against a Tariff for Protection; a sound Currency, against depreciated shinplasters; the Independent Treasury, for the security of the people and the people's money, against a National Bank for the benefit of speculators, stockjobbers and fundmongers. This will be the contest of Democracy against Federalism—of Truth against Error—of Progress against the Past; and when, in such a contest, was the aristocratic principle ever known to conquer?

We rejoice at the nomination. From a love for gratitude, fair-dealing and the great, we rejoice. Mr. Clay is the choice of his party; he was its choice in 1840, but was defrauded of the nomination by the cunning and intrigue of politicians of the Weed and Stevens school. They went for availability not principle—for a bush fight instead of one face to face. They succeeded, and miserable is the hodge-podge in which they have involved us. The country is tired, heartily sick of its present condition. It would prefer Whigism and knavery, to Whigism and imbecility, but will take very good care hereafter to have neither. The "sober, second thought of the People" can soon correct the knavery of the one; but the splendor of a succeeding administration, can only throw the imbecility which preceded it, into a deeper contrast on the page of history. The ills we have must be borne for this once, but never will the American people repeat the dose; they will hereafter eschew Whigism in all its varieties.

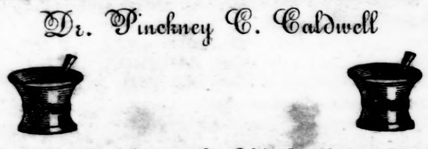
We rejoice at the nomination: we care not who the adjunct may be—whether "Clayton too"—"Honest John Davis," of high wages notoriety—"N. P. Tallmadge"—"Sweet Mr. Archer"—"Solitude Ewing"—"Oily Gammon Evans," or "Queen Victoria's Governor of Rhode Island," be the man, it is all the same to us. We rejoice at the nomination!

NORTH-EAST STORM.

After a week of oppressively hot weather, the wind suddenly veered to the North-East on Sunday night, and blew with considerable violence, the Rain falling in torrents. At the time of putting this paper to Press, the Storm still continued, but with less violence. We greatly fear its effects upon the Coast.

Raleigh Register.

Dr. Pinckney C. Caldwell



WOULD inform such of his friends as desire his professional services, that he has removed his Office to Mr. Johnson's brick house, two doors above the "Carolina Inn," where he may be found at all times, unless necessarily absent.

Charlotte, February 8, 1842. 48...F

Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the next Legislature of North Carolina, to repeal the law abolishing Juries at the January and July Terms of Mecklenburg County Court.

August 9, 1842. 74...tml

JEFFERSONIAN:

CHARLOTTE, N. C.,

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1842.

THE ELECTION.

The following are the results of the Elections in Mecklenburg county on Thursday last:

	Senate		*Commons.*						*Gove'r.*	
	Grier, (w)	Walker, (d)	Kirk, (d)	Ross, (d)	Erwin, (d)	Steward, (w)	M'Dowell, (w)	Lee, (w)	Henry, (d)	Morehead, (w)
Charlotte,	111	90	224	219	218	191	197	191	233	210
Kirk's,	15	46	19	17	17	70	70	69	17	70
Hill's,	16	22	28	27	29	31	30	30	25	32
Dewcese's,	51	32	99	99	83	59	59	58	109	69
Davidson's Mill,	9	48	20	19	17	74	78	75	20	78
M'Leary's,	22	17	53	53	53	13	13	15	57	13
Steel Creek,	8	61	24	23	23	96	100	96	29	96
Peoples',	58	36	101	100	99	63	65	64	105	66
Steward's,	59	10	101	93	99	30	16	16	105	18
Hart's,	84	8	158	145	154	19	15	13	155	18
Gold Mine,	40	22	75	74	72	38	38	37	76	40
Labat's X roads,	48	8	63	59	63	20	16	16	61	20
Lawson's,	30	4	47	47	47	11	11	11	47	14
Wilson's,	69	9	112	112	112	11	11	11	116	11
Doster's,	17	5	27	26	27	9	7	7	27	9

Aggregate vote—Henry 1,182; Morehead 764: H.'s majority 418—dem. maj. in 1840 217; dem gain now 201! If there has been anything like a corresponding change throughout the State, Henry is elected Governor. Senate—Walker 636, Grier 418—maj. 218. Commons—Kirk 1,151, Ross 1,113, Erwin 1,-113, M'Dowell 726, Lee 709, Steward 735—average dem. maj. 402.

T. N. Alexander was re-elected Sheriff without opposition—receiving 1,750 votes.

CABARRUS.

Senate, *Pharr* (w) 345; *Young* (d) 149. Commons, *Bringer* (w.) elected without opposition. Gov. *Morehead* 610, *Henry* 302. Whig majority 208—Whig majority in 1840, 537—democratic gain 329.

ROWAN AND DAVIE.

The Whig ticket is elected, by a small majority. Senate, Ribelin. Commons, Lord, Williams and Brandon, all Whigs. Governor, Morehead 1,363, Henry 973—dem. gain since 1840, of 358.

Col. *R. W. Long* is re-elected Sheriff in Rowan by a majority of 231 votes.

BURKE.

Commons, Neill and Caldwell, (Whigs) and W. W. Avery (d) a democratic gain of one. The Senator for Burke and Yancy not heard from. Pearson re-elected Sheriff. Governor, Morehead 1,514, Henry 399—Dem. *gain* 73.

LINCOLN.

Senate, Rea. Commons, Stowe, White, Wilson, and Yont, all Democrats. The returns for Governor not received.

DAVIDSON.

The last Western Carolinian says the whole Whig ticket is elected in Davidson by a small majority. The Whig majority in 1840 was upwards of 900.

STOKES.

A gentleman direct from Stokes informs us that the whole Democratic Ticket is elected to the Legislature. A democratic *gain* of two. No returns for Governor.

GUILFORD.

The whole Whig ticket elected for the Legislature. Senate, Morehead. Commons, Doak, Mendenhall and McLean. Governor, Morehead 1,615, Henry 418—dem. gain from 1840 of 545.

ORANGE.

A letter from a Whig at Chappel Hill, gives the glorious news of the election of 4 democrats and 1 Whig to the Legislature from Orange. Senate, Allison, (d) 714, Waddle (w) 713. Commons, Jones (d) 1,590, Broadus (d) 1,557, Stockard (d) 1,540, Pratt (d) 1,481, Nash [w] 1,534, Holt [w] 1,513, Maybin (w) 1,502, Parker [w] 1,460. *A gain* of three. Governor, Morehead 1,576, Henry 1,497—dem. *gain* 34.

WAKE.

The whole Democratic ticket elected—contrary to our expectation. Senate, Sheppard. Commons, Rand, Massey and Wilder. Governor, Henry 1,185, Morehead 953—dem. *gain* 105.

SURRY.

We learn indirectly that a portion of both tickets is elected in Surry, but how many of each, and who, we cannot tell.

These returns are glorious for the Democracy.—The *gains* already give us the Senate of the Legislature, and an almost certain prospect of the Governor and the Commons. We await further returns.

P. S. *Better and Better!*—Since the above was in type, we have received a letter from a gentleman in Salem, announcing officially, the election of of the whole Democratic ticket for the Legislature in Stokes. Henry received in that county 1,180, Morehead 1,029. The letter also states—"This morning news came from Surry, that the Democrats have elected their whole ticket in that County."—This, if true, of which we have no doubt, settles the Legislature for the Democrats!

Another Whig Humbug exploded.—All our readers recollect the famous "Hooe case" the Whigs noised about so much in 1840, and the abuse they heaped falsely on Van Buren for suffering negroes to be enlisted in the Navy and their testimony received against white sailors. Well, on the 29th July, the bill regulating enlistments in the Navy came up in the Senate, and Mr. *Calhoun* moved an amendment to prohibit free negroes and mulattoes from enlistment, except as cooks and stewards, and what was the consequence? The amendment was opposed by nearly every Whig Senator who took part in the debate! Now, what do the people think of such a party? Were they sincere in 1840, in their abuse of Van Buren about the "Hooe case"? If they were, what must be thought of their conduct now, in resisting the correction of an evil that heretofore existed in the law on the subject?—Mr. *Calhoun's* amendment was finally adopted by a vote of 24 to 16.

Gov. Morehead.—We hope this champion of Federalism will scan carefully the vote for Governor and the Legislature cast in this County last Thursday. He can there see the fruits of his bullying abuse of John Walker on Tuesday of Court. When we have another contest, we respectfully invite the Governor to come and give us a speech or two, and we think there will be scarcely Whigery enough left for seed.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Which passed the House of Representatives some two weeks since, is still under debate in the Senate. Judging from the debates, and the remarks of the letter writers, we have no doubt it will pass the Senate with but slight alterations from the shape in which it passed the House, and we have as little doubt that in this shape it will be vetoed by Mr. *Tyler*. Then, we think, Congress will adjourn in a row.—The Whig majority seem determined on getting up as much excitement in the country as they can, for the whole course of their Legislation has been to breed difficulties with the President.—Let them have rope—justice awaits them at home

☞ The State Elections took place in Alabama and Illinois the first week in this month. We hope soon to be able to announce a glorious democratic triumph in each of these States.

The "roast beef" of Whiggery.—The Whig leaders in 1840, promised the people if Harrison was elected "two dollars a day and roast beef.' The "two dollars a day" have not been heard of since; but the "roast beef" was served up at the dinner lately given to Mr. *Clay* at Lexington, Ky. The Whig paper there announces with a great flourish, that the party imported from England a "*white virgin heifer*" for the Clay feast. Fine doings, this! Common American beef was not good enough for Mr Clay's Whig stomach; he must have "a white virgin heifer" of British blood. This shows the bent of Mr. Clay's affections: he wants to force our farmers to buy the goods of American manufacturers; but when beef is wanted for a Whig feast, the American farmer is overlooked, and "a white virgin heifer" imported from England.

The adjournment.—A resolution offered a few days since in the House of Representatives of Congress to adjourn on the 15th instant, was not received—a large majority voting against suspending the rules to receive it. We have no idea that Congress will adjourn before the 1st September.

The Literary Fund—again.—In his speech here at Court, Gov. *Morehead* stated as one reason why the School fund had decreased, that no dividend had been declared by the Banks. Now, we would like to know if this is dealing prudently with the people's money: it has been given to the Banks, for them to speculate on privately, while the State is not making one cent; whereas, the money could be otherwise invested in safe hands, and yield a handsome revenue to the State. Is not this feeding the Banks and fleecing the people? It is whigery up and down.

THE CALHOUN DINNER.

The following card from the Committee of Arrangements for the Dinner to be given to Mr. CALHOUN at Shocco Springs in Warren County, shows it is to be a splendid affair. It would afford us inexpressible delight to be at the Dinner, to render honor and praise to one of the greatest statesmen and purest patriots of the age. There will doubtless be a large assemblage on the accasion, from all parts of the State. We hope a similar testimonial of respect will be tendered Mr. CALHOUN from some portion of Western North Carolina:

From the North Carolina Standard.

DINNER TO THE HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Many Citizens of Warren, Granville, Franklin, Nash, Halifax, and Northampton, have tendered to the Hon. John C. Calhoun, a Dinner at Shocco Springs in Warren County, which he has accepted on a day to be named after the adjournment of Congress, and which day will be made known to the citizens by hand-bills, when the Committee of Arrangements can ascertain the same. And all the citizens of the Counties named as well as of the State at large, are most respectfully desired by the Committee of Arrangements and in behalf of those they represent, to unite in this testimony of respect to this most distinguished fellow-citizen, to which Dinner many other distinguished men of other States as well as of our own State, are invited. Usage in similar cases as well as the necessity of this particular case, have induced the putting forth the following as the terms and conditions by which every citizen, let him be whom he may, can contribute to the Dinner proposed.

We the undersigned, bind ourselves to pay Two DOLLARS each, to Mrs. Ann Johnson, to furnish a Dinner to the Hon. John C. Calhoun and such others as may be invited, at Shocco Springs on some day to be named hereafter. All persons subscribing to this list will be entitled to all drinks, except Wines, free of charge, from the dinner hour. All subscribers have the privilege of inviting the Ladies of their family and connexions. The above list is filed at the Office of the Warrenton Reporter, can be found with A. Nuttall of Henderson, P. Hawkins of Louisburg, Capt. Daily of Ridgeway, Silas Winston of Franklinton, at the Bar at Shocco, John White at Jackson, and Dr. Wilcox of Halifax, and with many others. Any person meaning to subscribe who is not convenient to a subscription list, can invite the Ladies to the dinner and afterwards subscribe.

The Committee of Arrangements having taken into consideration the loss of all the bridges between Warrenton and Shocco, and as the Rail Road Train under the change of its running, will arrive at Ridgeway Depot very early in the morning, they deem it best that Mr. Calhoun and other invited Guests coming with him, stop at Capt. Daily's where the Carriages will rendezvous, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Eaton, Sr., and Mr. John Somerville, for the transportation of the gentlemen invited. The Committee have appointed Col. Gideon Macon fo Greene and Col. James B. Hawkins, as Marshals of the day, to be aided by Majors Samuel Edwards and James McHenry, who it is desired shall appear in their uniforms, and that they will call to their aid all willing citizens, to meet them on horseback at Ridgeway, on the morning of Mr. Calhoun's arrival there, to escort him to Shocco, to leave Ridgeway at half after nine o'clock.

This notice has been made thus general to afford every citzen an opportunity to partake if he pleases, and it will be followed by another notice in the hand-bills of the day, when that shall be made known to the Committee of Arrangements. By the

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

July 21, 1842.

Marvellous.—A Connecticut Whig paper says, in a recent hail-storm at New Haven in that State, hail-stones fell as large as a walnut, and also fish six inches long.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Great Western, Captain Hosken, arrived about 9 o'clock this morning from Bristol, bringing us papers from that city to the 16th July inclusive, and from London to the evening of the 15th.

The most important news is the death of the Duke of Orleans, who was heir to the throne of France.

The commercial accounts, on the whole, are more favorable than before. There were more demands for cotton-goods; and in merchandise generally, there was more movement. The prospects of the harvest were very good; yet duties under the new tariff were running down, and the prices of foreign breadstuffs were rather better than at our last dates.

Money was very plenty in London. For advances on stocks, the rate was 1½ a 2 per cent. a year, and in the discounting of commercial papor 3 a 4. per cent.

The London Courier, formerly one of the most influential and extensively circulated papers in the Metropolis, has been merged in the Globe. *Sic transit.*

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

BRISTOL, July 16

Intelligence of this melancholly event reached London on Wednesday moning, July 13th, by a pigeon express from Paris. From the Paris papers which have since arrived, and from the correspondents of the London ones, we collect the following particulars up to a late hour on Wednesday night;

PARIS, Wednesday, 9 p. m.—The official account published by the Government is as follows:

"A dreadful disaster has fallen upon the royal family, and upon France. The Prince Royal is dead! This morning at half past 10, the Duke of Orleans went to Neuilly to take leave of the royal family, intending to set out in the evening for the camp of St. Omer.

Neuilly the horses ran away, and threw him out of the carriage. He was taken up [illegible] moment there were hopes of saving him, but the evil was beyond all earthly remedies. At half past 4, after having received the sacrament of [illegible] Prince breathed his last, in the arms of the Queen, and royal family, who were present," &c. &c. express."

The Prince was alone in a cabriolet de poste, d'Aumont (travelling chaise)—which was slung in front of it. The driver was thrown off as he ened the horses. The horses ran away, but the postillion was enabled to stop them. In the mean time, the unfortunate Prince was thrown out of the vehicle. The accident is attributed to a fracture of the spine. The theatres of Paris were closed on Wednesday.

The melancholly accident which has befallen the heir apparent to the throne of France, arose out of the revolution of July, which placed Philippe of an affectionate, dutiful, and beloved son, is an event which may, in its ultimate consequences become of the highest importance in the affairs of Europe; because, if the tranquility of the world is again disturbed, it is in all probability that war will be let loose on mankind. It is not improbable that the King of the French will witness the arrival of his infant grandson, and a regency in France would be an occurrence portentous of the most eventful civil commotion amongst such an excitable people.

An aged King and an infant heir seem to point to the most trying periods of French history—periods, indeed, infinitely less trying than that which awaits the country now; for, even amindst the disturbances and the excesses of former regencies, the person of the Sovereign was sacred, and the traditional principles of the royal authority were inviolate. At the present time, it is needless to enlarge on the importance of the highest personal qualities, the resolution of manhood, the experience of life, and the authority of a mature reason, in the ruler of France. The history of the last twelve years, and the character of the present King, sufficiently prove that no weaker Prince could have surmounted the frightful difficulties of his position.

The late Duke of Orleans was born at Palermo on the 2d of September, 1810, showing him to have just reached the age of 32 at his death. His mother, Marie Amelie, the present Queen of the French, is daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and whom Louis Philippe espoused at the time he was wandering abroad as plain Duke of Orleans. The departed Duke was one of a family of seven children, to whom Marie Amelie has been ever warmly attached. The Duke de Nemours, Louis Philippe's second son, was born at Paris on the 25th of October, 1814.

The London Standard, of Thursday night, remarks:—

"The receipt of the intelligence from Paris, by pigeon express, announcing the death of the Duke of Orleans, has produced a stronger sensation this morning in the city than any foreign incident that has occurred for years past. All the risks attending a regency, and not improbably a disputed succession, at once present themselves to the minds of reflecting men; and the deep sympathy felt on domestic grounds is rendered secondary to the apprehension of the danger threatened to the peace of the world in the present state of parties in France.—We have never had occasion to hear so uniform and general an aspiration called forth by any dispensation of Providence as the death of the Duke of Orleans has done this morning for the preservation of the life, health, and faculties of Louis Philippe. The feeling has been expressed and responded to with such ardor, by persons of every shade of poltical opinion, that it maifests strongly the importance attached to a single life to preserve the tranquillity of Europe."

PARIS, July 14.—There is little to add to the melancholy intelligence conveyed to you yesterday by express. The royal family, as may be imagined, are in the greatest affliction; but the fortitude of the King on this trying occasion is the admiration of every one. The poor Queen is inconsolable. Neither of them went to rest during the whole night.

The remains of the late duke are deposited in the chapel at Neuilly. Nothing is yet decided respecting the funeral. All places of public amusement are closed.

It is understood that, next session, a law will be introduced respecting the regency, which is not provided for by the charter.

Died,

In this County, on Monday night the 2d inst., *James J. McCormon*, son of Widow Patsy McCormon.

In this Town, on the 5th inst., *Clemuel E. Carter*, infant of Mr. R. H. Carter.

Died, in this Town, on the 5th instant, *George Washington*, infant son of Mr. David Wissinger.

POETRY.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds hims still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's measures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives.
These are Nature's ancient pleasure,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling
If from earth we sought to flee;
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade;
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy soil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed,
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

AGRICULTURE.

From the London Farmer's Magazine.

ON LIQUID MANURE.

The want of precision, the absence of almost all reflection in agricultural experiments, while various means are so obvious for improving the soil, and thereby increasing its productive condition, will I trust, be some excuse for my observations (imperfect as they are,) on liquid manure.

I think it will be allowed that the subject considered separately is by no means so generally entertained as its importance demands, or as it deserves to be in an economical point of view.

In passing through farm-yards, over lands, and by roadsides, where immense heaps of dung have been laid for many months together, it must forcibly have struck many, how much of the essential part of the collected manure is lost by evaporation of its gases, and by absorption and dissipation around and underneath.

"It will bear the test of experiment, that one gallon of urine having undergone the putrefactive process, will be found worth ten times its weight of rotten straw."* Instead of losing this essential article in the way that is now done, I propose that every occupier of land, and every one keeping cattle, should have in his farm yard or premises, a covered cistern or reservoir, into which the drains from his stables, out-houses, &c., should be conducted, and into which should be thrown all refuse, soap-suds, &c., used in the house. The liquor thus obtained should at the proper times be taken in water-proof carts, having a suitable outlet made so as to allow the fluid to pass off gradually, much after the manner of water from a sprinkling pot, so as to drive it fairly over the land to be manured.

The advantage you obtain by the application of liquid manure, as compared with dung, is that a fluid containing saline and animal matter will more readily and more effectually decompose the carbon contained in the soil than dung itself—the end and intent of all manures or *amendments* of the soil.

I find that the *nitrate of soda* so much in vogue, is said to cost twenty or thirty shillings per cwt.; it has doubtless those essential qualities capable of improving lands. Suppose then that you want to imitate this nitrate of soda at the least possible cost in liquid manure, instead of using it in the dear and extravagant method as is done at present. I propose that an iron furnace, (say it may hold ten gallons,) be placed over a fire in the open air, and into it should be put half a hundred weight of common salt; when the salt has become moderately hot then add to it eight fluid ounces of aquafortis. Upon stirring this mixture, a considerable portion of muriatic acid gas, (chlorine,) contained in the salt will escape in the form of vapour. After having mixed it pretty well, it may be throwm into the waterproof cart, and the cart to be filled with urine, &c. from the cistern; and in this manner you have a liquid manure having for its basis the *nitrate of soda*.

To my mind, no better method could be used in applying the *urate*, so highly spoken of by the French agriculturists, than by mixing burnt gypsum, (plaster of Paris,) to which a little aquafortis may be added to make it more soluble, with urine collected as I have described. The article is readily and cheaply obtained like lime is soon burnt and made proper for use; in a state of solution it is better divided, and its usefulness comes directly into action.

I have heard from farmers that "bones used as manure are so long buried before any sensible advantage is derived from them as manure, that they are therefore objectionable, and that bone dust is so very expensive that few are inclined to use it."

I would briefly suggest that much that is objectionable could be surmounted by the simple process of burning bones in the open air until they become white, and are easily broken into powder. When this is done, the powder may be put into a suitable vessel, and to it may be added a small quantity of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol,)† in order to set free the phosphoric acid from the lime contained in the bones. When tis is done, it may be mixed with the urine in the same manner as directed for the liquid manure imitating the nitrate of soda. Thus, if bones or bone dust be a good and suitable manure, by this method you apply it most beneficially, and make it most economical.

I have not attempted to describe the peculiar soils or circumstances in which one or the other of these solutions is to be preferred, but have merely glanced at the subject in order to bring the attention of others to it, who are doubtless more able to treat it methodically and more scientifically, whose time is more at their own disposal, and whose interests are more immediately concerned in affairs of this kind than those of my own.

The readers of this Journal are well aware of the importance this subject holds in different countries on the continent, where soils which the English farmer would despise as unproductive and next to useless, are by the methods here spoken of, made to produce crops equal to any in the most favored spots of our own country.

I shall feel a satisfaction if what I have here communicated, may be the means of advancing in the most trifling degree the interests of the farmer, or that it may in the slightest sense add to the improvement of agriculture.

JOHN ASHFORD.

Hinckley, Leicestershire, Nov. 15, 1841.

* De Fellenburg.

† The different acids here named are best obtained at the manufacturing chemists in large towns, as London, Liverpool, Bristol, &c. &c.

From the Eastern Farmer.

TOO MUCH LAND.

It is an undoubted truth, that one of the primary influences that retard the progress of agriculture, and the productiveness of the labors of agriculturists in our State is, the ownership and improvement (if that can be called improvement which pushes a soil to less than half of its capacity) of too much land. We are told that the farm of the celebrated Roman, Cincinnatus, consisted of only four acres, the other three having been lost by his becoming surety for a friend. We are also told that Marius, who was celebrated for his frugality, and was three times chosen Consul, and thrice honored with a triumph, on returning from a successful campaign, refused from the people a grant of fifty acres of land, declaring that he was a bad citizen who could not be contented with the old allowance of seven acres. "God forbid"—exclaimed this hero to his soldiers, "that a citizen should look on that as a small piece of land which will support a man."

The evil of an extended ownership in lands by our farmers, consists in the inclination which such ownership very naturally begets, to cultivate too much of it, and that but feebly; instead of confining their industry and means to only so much land as they can push to the extreme of its capacity to produce. If one will inqure into the history of those persons who have succeeded best as cultivators of the soil, he will find that they are those who have approached nearest to a rigid observance of that rule which enjoins the cultivation of no more land than can be pushed to the highest condition of fertility by all the labor and means which the cultivator has to bestow. All the land which a man possesses beyond this, and confined to his own occupation, had better lie fallow, or neglected than be suffered to impoverish that which he should cultivate by dividing within his labor and manure, rendering the whole feebly and only moderately productive. In the vicinage of Boston—that is to say, within a circle of fifteen and twenty miles from the city, hundreds of individuals are acquiring independence from the proceeds of farms no larger than that which in olden times was sufficent for a Cincinnatus or a Marius, to support himself upon in a style of notable ease and contentment. But this is not because of their vicinage to the market—for the difference between the nett amount of their sales and of those of more distant farmers, is not to be found in the difference of the cost of transportation which the two classes incur. No—the main difference comes from the superior productiveness of the few acres of the one over the many acres of the other. The one makes every foot of ground that he cultivates productive to the full extent of its capability under the most generous application of manures, and so concentrates his labors to the utmost advantage; whereas the other fails under the influence of the impression that unless he has a goodly number of acres subjected to the plough every year, his farm is being neglected, and that he cannot raise enough to live upon; and in order to seem to make a business of farming, his stock of manure must be divided and scattered over the whole.—The consequence is, an unprofitable disperson of his labor, a poorly cultivated farm, and a feeble production of crops.

When shall we look forward to a general improvement in this particular among our farmers? When one or two influences prevail, viz: either the influence of an enlightened system of agriculture science, that is a more active combination of head and hand-work; or the influence of a very much increased price of land in the country generally.—The former will perhaps, more directly than any thing else tend to produce the latter result—so that the influences may be expected to operate quite simultaneously. Be this as it may, we can look forward with the utmost complacency to the period when men will be unable to procure so much land always to keep them poor; or when they will understand most truly, that the way to get wealthy by tilling the soil is, to have no more land than can be brought, by the means which the owner possesses, into the highest state of cultivation. We commend to our farmers, to inquire each one of himself, whether he has not too much land to be profitable, and whether he would not in fact be better off if he had less? It is a self-denying inquiry, but will not be found unproductive of profitable reflections.

From the New Genesee Farmer.

KEEP MOVING ONWARD.

"Cobbett says he despises a man who is contented with his condition. We do not like the boldness of this expression; but we hold that a man should always be seeking to make good better and better best.—This is our maxim. We go, therefore, in all cases, for the very largest product, and advise no farmer to be satisfied while, in a fair race, his neighbor is so much as the length of his nose before him. We advise every farmer in the religious sense of the term, to be content with his condition, and thankful for all the blessings which God gives him; but we advise no man to be satisfied when he can honestly mend his condition, until that condition is mended. In the competitions of life, never cross your neighbor's path so as to take the road from him; never throw him down; never run over him if he falls down; never rejoice to see him down; have the magnanimity to help him up; but never try to lift yourself up by pulling him down, or trying to stand upon his shoulders; give him fair play and cheer him on if he comes out first. But determined to lack no efforts, if you are beaten, to come out first yourself next time. Don't mind the lazy dogs who are always croaking and crying our "you'll fall, you'll fall." Those fellows do not get their eyes open in nine days; indeed never get their eyes open; but are always lying in the way of other people.—If you get sixty bushels of corn this year per acre, resolve that next year you will get eighty. If your neighbor gets one hundred, then determine you will get one hundred and twenty-five. It can be done. The limit of production is not yet reached; and in agricultural emulation, no bad passions can be aroused; and merit can always be determined by a standard so exact, the actual measurement of the ground, the labor, the manure, the expense, the product, as to leave no question to whom the prize of the golden fleece belongs."

United States:

District Court of North Carolina,

IN BANKRUPTCY.

NOTICE to show cause against the Petition of HIRAM A. LOWRANCE of Lincoln county, carpenter, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

MOSES T. ABERNATHY, of Lincoln county, Iron Master, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

T. M. ABERNATHY, & J. E. ROBINSON, of Lincoln County, Merchants, to be declared Bankrupts, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

ANDREW H. PORTER, of Mecklenburg County, Tailor, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

HENRY W. MARKS, of Mecklenburg County, Shoe Maker, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

STEVEN W. ALLEN, of Mecklenburg County, Blacksmith, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday the first day of September, 1842.

PATRICK J. WILSON, of Mecklenburg County, Farmer, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

JACOB LEMLEY, of Mecklenburg County, carpenter, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Chambers in Fayetteville, on Thursday, the first day of September, 1842.

By Order of the Court.
H. H. POTTER,
Acting Clerk of Court in Bankruptcy.
July 14th, 1842. 72...3w

State of North Carolina,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, February Term, 1842.

MARY N. TETER
VS.
ELAM J. TETER. } Petition for Divorce.

IN this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendant, *Elam J. Teter*, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore *Ordered*, that publication be made for three months successively in the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," and "Charlotte Journal," commanding the said Defendant to appear at our next Superior Court of Law and Equity to be held for our said County at the Court-house in Charlotte, on the Fourth Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition; otherwise judgment will be taken pro confesso, and the petition heard exparte.

Witness, *Jennings B. Kerr*, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 4th Monday in February, 1842. Issued the 26th of April, 1842.

J. B. KERR, C. M. S. C.

Printer's fee $10.

State of North Carolina,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, February Term, 1842.

DELITHA C. SPECK
VS.
WILLIAM H. SPECK. } Petition for Divorce.

IN this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendant, *William H. Speck*, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore *Ordered*, that publication be made for three months successively in the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," and "Charlotte Journal," commanding the said Defendant to appear at our next Superior Court of Law and Equity to be held for our said County at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on the Fourth Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition; otherwise judgment will be taken pro confesso, and the petition heard exparte.

Witness, *Jennings B. Kerr*, Clerk of our said Court at office, the 4th Monday in February, 1842. Issued the 26th of April 1842.

J. B. KERR, C. M. S. C.

Printer's fee $10.

MEDICINES, &C.,

LOW FOR CASH.

THE subscriber having purchased the entire Stock of

MEDICINES, DRUGS AND PAINTS,

kept by Dr. C. J. Fox, expects to receive a new supply in a very short time, with a full assortment of

SPIRITS AND WINES,

for medical purposes. He will offer the same to the citizens of Mecklenburg and adjacent counties on better terms than Medicines have been sold in this country heretofore. A full assortment of

THOMPSONIAN MEDICINES,

together with all kind of Pills, &c., will be kept constantly on hand, all of which he will sell low for *CASH*. The attention of Dr. F. M. ROSS will be given to the Shop.

B. OATES.
Charlotte, May 17, 1842. 63....tf

Last Notice.

THE Subscriber having disposed of his Stock of

MEDICINES & C.,

now informs all those indebted to him either by note or Book account, that the same must be closed at or before the July Court;—longer indulgence cannot be given. Those indebted by Book accout will be expected at least, to close their accounts by note. And as this is positively the last notice, all accounts not settled by that time, will be placed in other hands for collection.

C. J. FOX.
May 17, 1842. 63...tf

Doctor Charles J. Fox

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country. He may always be fonud at his office, No. 6, white row of the Mansion House, unless absent on professional engagements.

July 17, 1842. 71...p.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post-Office at Lincolnton, N. C., on the 1st of July, 1842.

A...William Abernathy, Isaih Abernathy, John Adams.

B...Silas Bookout, Jonas Brooks, Abm. Brooks, William Baily, Charles Beal, John Ballantant, Gen. Joseph Baringer.

C....H. Cansler, Jacob Criscoe, W. Crawford, Paulser Canon.

D...Peter Deck.

F...Jacob or John Finger, Mary Fisher, Robert Floyd, James Fabel, Peter Finger, Philip Fry.

G....Emanuel Gerst.

H....Jacok F. Herin, Messrs. F. A. Hoke & Co. Micajah Henly, James Hansel, Nancy Hetton, George Hoves, Abram Haviner.

J....A. S. Jones, Elias Jarrett, Susan Inglefinger, Jeremiah Ingold, Wm. Johnston,

K....Enoch Keller.

L....Henry Link, Jacok Lutes, James R. Long.

M....Rev. John A. McMackin, William Miller, William L. Munday, Daniel Mosteller, William. L. McKee.

P....William Punch or Alex. Holly, Miss Margaret Price, John Pollard, John Q. Parkins, Silas H. Philips, Ann Pressley.

Q....Michael Quickel.

R....Alford Ramsour, Geo. S. Ramsour, Jonas Rudesil, George Rudesil, Solomon Rudesil or David Sumerow, David Roberson, Margaret Rudesil.

S....J. R. Stamey 3, James S. Stiler, Henry Stroup, Bobert B. Smith, Joseph Sanders or Jacob Goodson, David Smith, Henry Stroup, Henry Sumerow, Amos Smith.

T....Elen Thompson, Jacob Fritt.

V...Martha Vickers.

W....Lyman Woodford 2, James Wilson, Elizabeth West or J. L. Cobb, Fetherston Wells.

C. C. HENDERSON, P. M.
Lincolnton, N. C., July 1st, 1842. 70...tf

DR. KUHL'S MEDICINES:

RESTORER OF THE BLOOD,

FOR

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES.

WHETHER produced by bile, phlegm, from internal morbid matters, arising from badly cured old disorders, from the use of mercury, calomel, bark, &c.; or (in females) from the change of life, as specified in the Pamphlet.

Anti-Syphylitic Syrup.—This Medicine is in all Venereal Disorders a certain remedy.

Abyssinia Mixture, (in liquid and in paste,) celebrated for its speedy and perfect removal of Gonorrhœa and Gleet; also of the fearful results consequent on its improper treatment. A benefit will be visible in 12 hours.

Gold-Mine Balsam, for Bilious and Nervous Affections, Colds, &c.

Aromatic Extract, A liniment for Indigestion, Coldness in the Stomach, Numbness or Weakness in the Limbs, Rheumatism, &c.

Depurative Powder, for Bilious Affections, Bilious Fever, Headache, Disease of the Eyes, &c., which is to be taken in the Restorer.

Japan Ointment, for Piles, which is to be applied besides the Restorer.

Bengal Ointment, for Tetter, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Scaldhead, Eruptions of the Skin, and Foul Ulcers; is to be applied besides the Restorer.

Universal or Strengthening Plaster, for Diseases of the Chest, Dyspepsia, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Palsy, Paralysis, &c., which is in most all these cases to be used besides the Restorer.

Dr. Kuhl's Accoustic Oil, for Deafness and all other Auricular Complaints, which is to be used together with the Restorer.

Dr. Kuhl's Pamphlet, "Treatment," &c., entered according to Act of Congress, contains full directions for the use of all the above mentioned Medicines, and accompanies every remedy.

Persons wishing to procure any of Dr. Kuhl's Medicines, will please direct their orders, with the amount, (post-paid,) to DR. KUHL'S OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., or Richmond, Va., or to any of the following Agents.

NORTH CAROLINA:

B. Oates, Druggist,	Charlotte,
J. F. & C. Phifer,	Concord,
J. & R. Sloan,	Greensborough,
Hargrave, Gaither & Co.	Lexington,
Jenkins & Biles,	Salisbury,
J. M. A. Drake,	Ashborough,
C. C. Henderson,	Lincolnton,

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Steele, Gunning & Co.,	York, C. H.
McLure, Brawley & Co.,	Chester, C. H.

The continuation of the list of Agents see Dr. K's. Pamphlet.

Charlotte, June 14, 1842. 66...1y

NEW STEAM-BOAT LINE.

A Steam Boat Line has been formed in connection with the new Steam Boat "Utility," and a set of new Boats at present three in number, others will be added as the business may require. The Utility was built in Wilmington in 1841, and draws when empty but 19 inches water. She carries 500 Bales of Cotton and draws then but little over three feet.

Country merchants who may wish to get their Goods up in the Summer and early in the Fall when the River is generally low, will find it to their advantage to patronize this. Several forwarding Merchants and other residents of Cheraw and other places are interested, and feel confident that they can hold out such inducements to the back country as will be beneficial to all concerned. The business will be done principally by towing lighters which will insure a passage while there is two feet water in the channel.

B. BRYAN & BRO.,
Agents.

From the Transcript, (Charleston) of March 3d.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 28, 1842.

This is to all whom it may concern—we, the undersigned, William Bird, Joseph Addison, and James Marsh, junior, shipwrights of the above named city, by the request of John Kirkpatrick, repaired on board of the Steamer Utility, commanded and owned by the said Kirkpatrick, and after a full examination of the hull and construction of the said Steam Boat Utility, are of unanimous opinion that the said Steam Boat Utility is in every respect suitable and strong enough to navigate any River or Rivers, and capable of carrying five hundred or more bales of cotton.

To which we have fixed our names and seals this 28th February, 1842.

W. BIRD, [Seal.]
JOS. ADDISON, [Seal.]
JAS. MARSH, Jr. [Seal.]

Charlesten, Feb. 28, 1842.

I do hereby certify that I was Pilot on board the Steam Boat Utility, and that the said boat was exposed to a heavy sea during the passage between Wilmington and Charleston without receiving any damage. I do also certify that she did not work or show any signs of weakness, and that she was not pumped out during the time I was on board of her.

WILLIAM CLEMMONS.

June 6, 1842. 66 1wf3m

The "Charlotte Journal" and Jeffersonian, Salisbury Watchman and Fayetteville Observer, will each insert the above once a month for three months, and forward their accounts to the office of the Farmer's Gazette, Cheraw, for payment.

THE CHICORA.

OR

MESSENGER OF THE SOUTH.

UNDER this title, the Subscribers propose publishing in the City of Charleston a WEEKLY PAPER to be devoted to LITERATURE, SCIENCE, the ARTS, MECHANICS, AGRICULTURE, EDUCATION, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—in a word, to whatever may impart instruction or afford amusement to each class, profession or calling of our people. In politics and religion, *the Chicora* will occupy strictly neutral ground; yet sufficient attention will be paid to both, to enable the reader to learn how prospers the religious and political condition of the country.

A paper devoted to the purposes above stated, has long been a *desideratum* at the South; and it is to meet this, that *The Chicora* is now proposed to be issued. The Subscribers are aware their promises may appear too confident, after the repeated failure of Southern periodicals; but they beg leave to say, that so complete are the arrangements they have made—so extensive the correspondence they have secured—so valuable the aid, both of Northern and Southern talent they have enlisted—that with the kindly feelings and liberal patronage of the South, hey have no fears for the result.

THE *Literary Department* of the CHICORA will be supplied with articles of rare and substantial merit, with reviews and critiques of all the new works of the day, and with original tales, sketches, works of fiction, biographies and poetry from the pens of several of the most gifted authors, both of the North and South.

The *Scientific* and *Mechanical Department* will be enriched with essays and illustrations from individuals high in public estimation, as thoroughly practical men, which, together with the Agricultural communications already secured to the paper from various portions of the country, will form a compendium of useful instruction invaluable to the artisan and the planter.

In this Department of *General Intelligence*, the subscribers believe the CHICORA will take a stand which will not be surpassed by any Journal of the Union. As one of the subscribers will make it his constant business to visit every section of our country; and through means of an extensive acquaintance already possessed in the cities of our sea-board and the West, a weekly correspondence will be established with Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and New-Orleans, through which will be obtained, not only the earliest information in regard to all foreign and domestic matters of importance, Prices current of Southern products and monetary affairs of moment in the different States, but also the opinions of judicious men in regard to Commercial prospects, and matters of an economical, civil, and political character. Nor, since

> A little folly now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men,

do they intend to exclude those lighter articles of information, familiarly designated the chit chat of the day, which, while they may serve to amuse a weary or listless hour, have at the same time the higher effect of acquainting us with the character and customs of our Northern and Western neighbors, and connecting more closely the bonds of unity between us.

Feeling assured then, of their ability to meet the wishes of the Southern community, and to establish a paper on the most approved, useful and popular plan, and hereby pledging themselves that no exertion shall be wanting on their part, not only most fully to redeem, but even to exceed the promises they make, they respectfully solicit the patronage of the good people of South Carolina and her sister States.

The CHICORA will be printed on an imperial sheet, of the very best paper and type, and shall be embellished with portraits of our distinguished men, and views illustrative of our scenery. The price will be $5 per annum, payable upon the delivery of the first number.

N. S. DODGE,
B. R. CARROLL.

March 31, 1842.

IMPORTANT WORK.

Now in Press, and will shortly be published, a Dictionary of

ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES.

BY ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S., &C.

Illustrated with 1,211 *Engravings!*

THIS is, unquestionably, the most popular work of the kind ever published, and a book most admirably adapted to the wants of all classes of the community. The following are the important objects which the learned author endeavors to accomplish—

1st. To instruct the Manufacturer, Metallurgist, and Tradesman, in the principles of their respective processes, so as to render them, in reality, the masters of their business; and to emancipate them from a state of bondage to such as are too commonly governed by blind prejudice and viscious routine.

2dly. To afford Merchants, Brokers, Drysalters, Druggists, and Officers of the Revenue characteristic descriptions of the commodities which pass through their hands.

3dly. By exhibiting some of the finest developments of Chemistry and Physics, to lay open an excellent practical school for students of these kindred sciences.

4thly. To teach Capitalists, who may be desirous of placing their funds in some productive branch of industry, to select judiciously, among plausible claimants.

5thly. To enable gentlemen of the Law to become well acquainted with the nature of those patent schemes which are so apt to give rise to litigation.

6thly. To present to Legislators such a clear exposition of the staple manufactures, as may dissuade them from enacting laws, which obstruct industry, or cherish one branch of it, to the injury of many others.

And, lastly, to give the general reader, intent, chiefly, on Intellectual Cultivation, views of many of the noblest achievements of science, in effecting those grand transformations of matter to which Great Britain and the United States owe their paramount wealth, rank and power among the nations of the earth.

The latest Statistics of every important object of Manufactures are given from the best, and usually from the Official authority, at the end of each article.

The Work will be printed from the second London Edition, which sells for $12 a copy. It will be put on good paper, in new brevier type, and will make about 1400 pages. It will be issued in twenty-one semi-monthly numbers, (in covers) at twenty-five cents each, on delivery.

☞ To any person sending us five dollars, at one time in advance, we will forward the numbers by mail, *post paid*, as soon as they come from the press.

To suitable agents this affords a rare opportunity, as we can put the work to them on terms *extraordinarily favorable*. In every manufacturing town, and every village, throughout the United States and Canada, subscribers can be obtained with the greatest facility.—Address, post paid, Le Roy Sunderland, 125 Fulton street, New York.

**To every editor who gives this advertisement twelve insertions, we will foward to order, one copy of the whole work, provided the papers containing this notice be sent to the New York Watchman, New York.